

darling you got to let me know by bookishandbossy

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Getting Together, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/
Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-01-11

Updated: 2017-01-11

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:21:26

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,280

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan and Nancy, in photographs.

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Author's Note:

Title from "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" by the Clash.

Written because I love these two monster hunters and there's a severe lack of fic for them.

Mike, Will, Dustin, and Lucas, staring intently down at a set of sixteen-sided dice.

"They don't know that I took that one," Jonathan tells her. "Otherwise they'd be making faces at me."

"They're about to start arguing about something, aren't they?" Nancy says, leaning in closer to look at the photo. Jonathan shifts away from her and the space between them takes on a new sharp definition. He's only five steps away from her. Five vast steps.

"A few minutes after I took it, they did. Someone claimed that they rolled a seven when they really rolled a nine. Or something like that." Jonathan laughs a little,

She stops by the darkroom sometimes and says that it's on her way to the library. Technically it is. He shows her the photographs he's taken this week, trying to teach her how to pull them out of the solution, and she tells him about her classes and the books she's been reading and the ballet classes she's starting. Nothing, really. But it's the kind of things she doesn't really talk about with anyone else anymore. And Jonathan listens like he really wants to be listening to her. So she leans back against the counter and watches images slowly taking shape on the paper and talks some more.

The marquee of the movie theater, advertising Return of the Jedi

They get bribed into taking the boys to the movies by their parents. Nancy suspects that it's more to keep the boys from getting into light saber fights in the aisle than anything else.

"Do you, uh, want popcorn?" he asks her once they've secured six seats in the center, hands jammed deep into the pockets of his jeans.

"You didn't ask if we wanted popcorn," Mike points out and gives Nancy a smug look. She just glares back.

"Because you always want popcorn," Jonathan says patiently. "The day you don't want popcorn is--"

"The day when Professor Xavier recruits us all for his school, accompanied by Kitty Pryde passing through the walls and Nightcrawler materializing in front of us?" Dustin contributes cheerfully.

"Okay," Jonathan blinks at them and shakes his head. "We'll go with that."

They end up sitting next to each other for the whole movie, which probably defeats the purpose of them being chaperones. He lets her eat all the popcorn and whenever she glances over at him, he's watching the screen intently. But whenever she looks back at the movie, she can feel him stealing glances over at her.

He doesn't look at her like he likes her hair and eyes and mouth. He doesn't look at her like she's pretty or cute or dainty. Jonathan looks at her with something she thinks is awe.

And she doesn't know what to do with that.

Nancy, sitting on the bleachers, face tipped back towards the sunlight.
She breaks up with Steve.

And she expects it to spin out into a series of arguments and accusations, but he just says that he understands and throws a smile back over his shoulder at her as he walks away. And she's by herself, but she's okay. She sprawls out on the bleachers, paperback book splayed open on the metal of the bench, and lets the winter sunlight soak all the way into her skin.

On her third day out on the bleachers, Jonathan finds her. She moves over and makes room for him almost automatically, his camera sitting next to her homework. When he shows her the photo he took

later, she thinks that she recognizes herself in the angles of it.

Jonathan, holding up a worn record and grinning

His foot is tapping just a little, one shoulder shifting to the beat of the music, and he's grinning just a little as the sound of the Clash fills the room. Nancy holds out a hand to him. "Want to dance?" she blurts out.

"You can't really dance to punk music," he mumbles.

"You can always dance." She starts swaying a little from side to side, snapping her fingers and twisting her hips, and she probably looks ridiculous but Jonathan is grinning at her anyway and after a minute, he grabs her outstretched hand.

She steers him around her living room like they're back in ballroom dancing class and he spins her out and then back in again and they're both laughing like they haven't laughed in ages and when she spins back in, she crashes into his chest and stays there. Jonathan is warm and steady and if his breath catches a little in his throat when she leans her head against his shoulder...well, hers does too.

"Hi," she says and grins up at him.

"Hi," he manages.

There's a lot of things she can't stop remembering about that week in November. He's the only one she wishes she would see more whenever she closes her eyes.

A hand-painted banner for the Valentine's Day Dance, covered with red roses and lopsided hearts.

Nancy skips the dance. She has a dress hanging out in her closet—pink and frothy, with a layer of tulle—that she picked out with Barb months ago and she's shoved it all the way to the back of her closet so she doesn't have to look at it. Anyway, she can't imagine swaying to the latest ballad or drinking punch and hoping that it isn't spiked or choking down chocolates that taste like chalk.

Jonathan arrives to pick up Will a full half hour early. "I think they're still campaigning," she tells him. "They're currently trapped in the

caves of despair and doom.”

“Right.” He nods, shifts a little from foot to foot, doesn't quite meet her eyes. “I, uh—I have something for you. I've been meaning to give it to you for a while, but the timing's never been quite right and I...”

“So it's a Valentine's Day gift?” she asks. She can't resist teasing him, just a little.

“Just a gift.”

It's a charm, the kind that are meant to dangle off of a charm bracelet alongside sea stars and horses. This charm, however, is a small silver baseball bat that has spikes bristling off it in every direction.

“I—I saw it and thought of you,” he explains. “I mean, if you don't like it, I can always...”

“I love it,” she breathes and beams up at him. For a minute, the back of her hand brushes against his and her blood pounds as she sways a little towards him, stopping before she can fall too far. Jonathan looks like he'd like to catch her and maybe one day she'll let him.

His hand, twisted through hers.

Nancy may have met him in winter, but she kisses him in spring. Pale green shoots are starting to push up through the ground and there are leaves on the trees and warmth on her skin. And when she kisses him on the edge of the woods, barely hesitating before she leans in, she shuts her eyes without imagining what might come out of the forest.

It isn't a perfect kiss. His mouth is clumsy on hers at first. Her breath comes a little too fast. His hand hesitates over the curve of her waist and hers hovers along the sleeve of his jacket. But he kisses her like he's learning her and she kisses back like she wants to teach him everything and they hold on to each other as tightly as they can.

And it's not just a kiss, she thinks as she pulls him closer, a tentative beginning scribbled out on a blank page. It's a promise that there's going to be another chapter.